

"And Ne'er Forget Will I"

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ADELE TOWSON LLOYD

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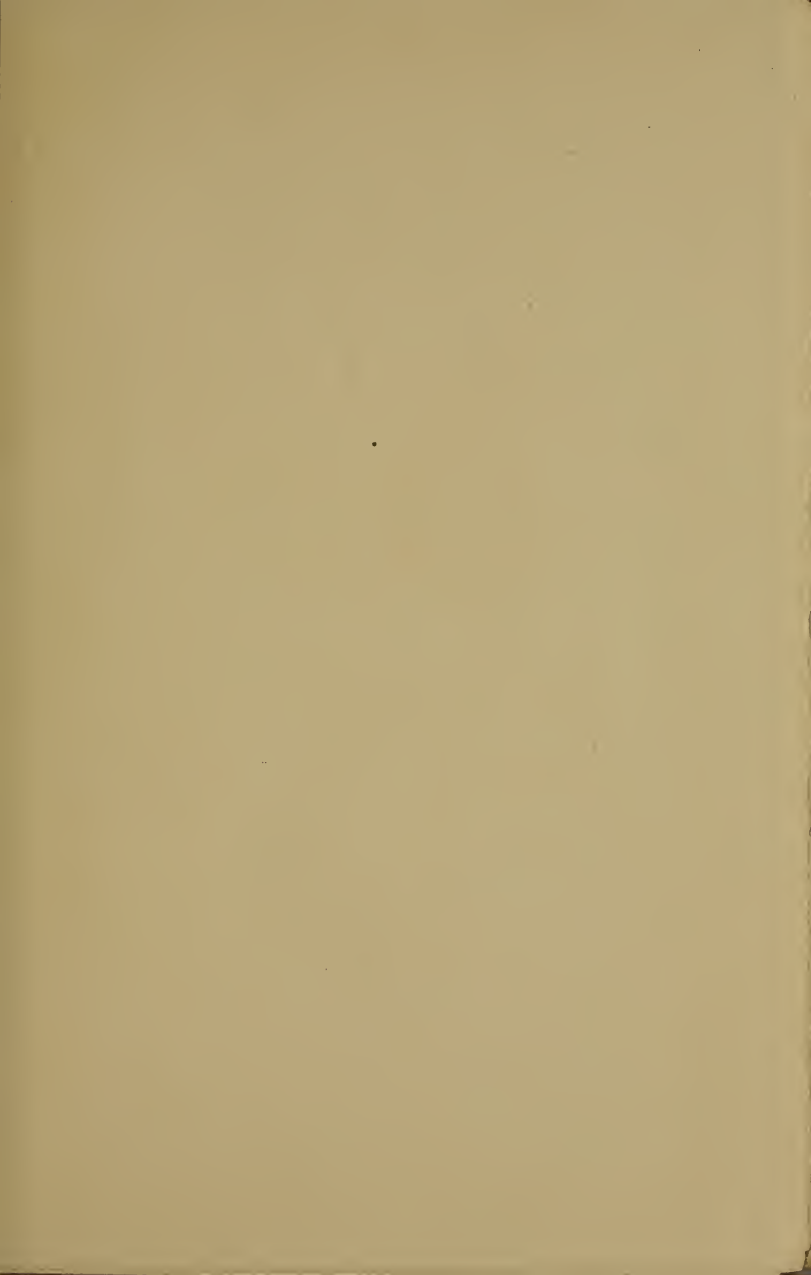


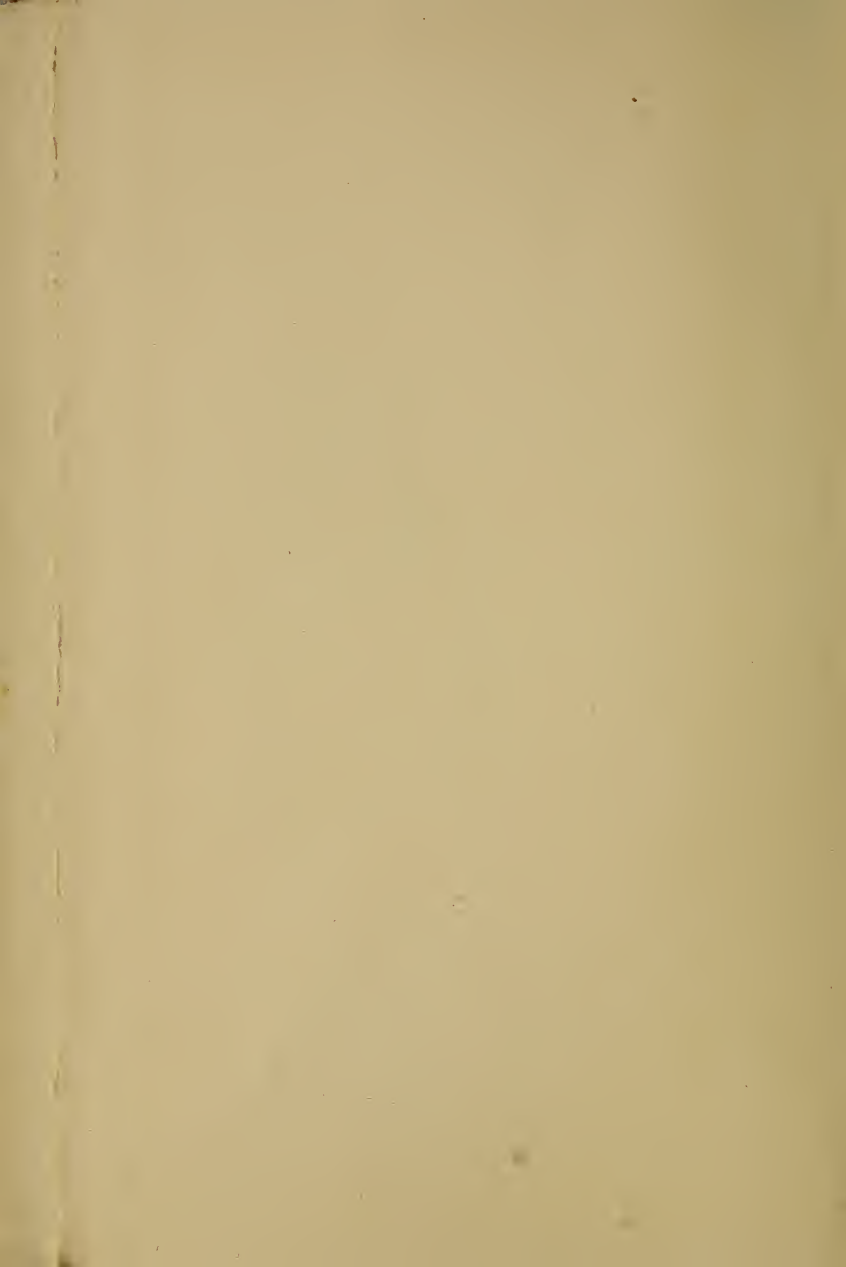
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By ADELE TOWSON LLOYD



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no.

*This little volume is lovingly dedicated
to
My Boys*

ADELE TOWSON LLOYD



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*"And Ne'er Forget Will I,"
Nor you, the thrill of Love's sweet claim
When it awoke, and stirred, and burst
Into everlasting flame.*

*Each heart is for another meant;
Go seek and find, ere it is too late.
“Lost love” has tears in “after years,” —
And regrets—for this is fate!*

Fate

Have you way back within your heart
Some unforgotten day?
Or was it just an hour,
Or a moment, by the way?

Did "Someone" cast the love-spell
As you were passing by —
Perchance a smile, a whispered word,
A handclasp, or a sigh?

It might have been "Somebody's" eyes,
Into which you looked—too long,
Held you spellbound, made you forget
To pass on—with the throng.

Was it a dance — a promise —
With which you tempted Fate,
And found your heart astir with love
And yearning — all too late?

Perhaps it was the clinging warmth
Of a kiss remembered yet;
Or memory's sound of a loving voice
Which forbids you to forget.

Perhaps it was a stray sunbeam
Caught in a mesh of gold,
That rested a moment on your breast
While you told that "story old."

Perhaps 'twas a love vow spoken,
With hearts pressed close and glad.
Or was it a love vow broken,
While eyes with tears were sad?

Perhaps, just an autumn flower,
Gathered idly, by the way,
With its gold and yellow blossoms
Brings back some yesterday.

Trivial things make or mar life's dream.
From beginning to end we wait,
Knowing that Love, Pain, and Despair,
Are the thorns and flowers of Fate!

Yesterday

The Joy, the Hope, the Love that could not stay,
Into the silent Past are laid away.
A voice from out the Future seems to say,
The Heaven of my life was—Yesterday.

Memory

Old feelings oft won't be suppressed;
They linger like a bruise,
And with the hour's idleness
Drift in, with twilight dews.

How true the siren Memory
Speaks with alluring tongue,
And bids us gently follow her
To where Love's youth begun.

She leads us back where hopes were born;
We pause, in passing by,
To linger 'midst the shattered ruins
Where we watched our fond hopes die!

The tear-mist gathers in our eyes,
Then silent falls — when lo!
An old love-flower blooms again,
In Memory's golden glow!

We see an unforgotten face,
A sweet voice speaks again,
And the yearning passion of our heart
Leaps into flame, and then —

We walk again in sylvan dells,
Where Romance was our sky,
And Love the star which guided us
In those Heaven days gone by!

O undeceiving Memory!
Faithful to a fault,
You dig up things that fain would rest
Like ghosts within a vault!

You open wide your book of thoughts.
Alas! too apt are we
To hurt our hearts until they ache —
With your visions, O Memory!

The Sea and Its Shell

What are the things you say, O Sea,
To the listening ear of your shell,
Which reflects the tints of opal skies,
Where melting sunsets fell?

Do you echo the weird, sad moanings
Of those who find no rest
As they drift, in the deep, cold waters,
Beneath your troubled breast?

Do you tell of the many trusting ships
You wrecked on some wild night?
Do you tell of the last despairing cry
Ere doomed souls took their flight?

Do you tell where those wrecks are lying
To that dumb yet lovely shell,
Knowing your treasures and secrets
Will forever be guarded well?

There are loved ones waiting upon the shore
For the mysteries you impart,
Are they destined to wait, until too late,
For the message of some dead heart?

I trust you not, O restless Sea!
Your sands forever shift;
Your harbors all are—way down deep
Where death and seaweeds drift!

Will you and the shell your secrets keep
Till the last roll call be read?
Will you wait till you hear the final command,
“O Sea, give up your dead”?

When the scorching flames of Judgment come
And the world ends, with its years,
Those souls and wrecks will rise again
Despite your salty tears!

His Letter

I wonder what tender feeling
Entered thy restless heart
Tonight, when the music was playing,
At the ball in which you took part?

I watched you swinging and swaying,
Around, to and fro, in the whirl,
Smiling, laughing, as happy as if
You hadn't a care in the world!

Truly, it was by accident
I happened to be there.
I read in the evening paper about
"A ball in Park Hall Square."

I must have been feeling lonely,
Though people were everywhere.
Fate sent me along, mixed in with the throng;
I went — and you were there!

I kept aside in the background,
Behind the palms and the flowers,
Forgetting myself and surroundings
While my eyes followed you, for hours.

I never saw you happier,
Even when we — never mind —
No use seeking out old memories;
They are easy enough to find.

Of course I wanted to speak to you,
As I would to any "friend;"
But you wounded me once, and might again —
In a way 'twould be harder to mend.

I determined to play no game of chance:
I was thinking of going away,
When weirdly, sweetly, beautifully,
The music began to play.

Ah me! It was only a love song
We sang in an olden day,
Before you changed your mind, dear girl,
And before I went away!

Just then you came gliding so near me
I believe I heard your sighs;
Then you looked at the lights above you —
There were tears — yes, tears, in your eyes!

Ah Dear, I commenced this letter
Wondering what caused them to start.
Were you trying to wash out the memory
Of one who once lived in your heart?

You surely will answer the question;
My meaning you cannot miss.
Well, if you have *not* succeeded,
Then send me an answer to this!

Dreams

No night has ever been so dark
I could not see your eyes,
Or the outline of your dainty form,
Before my vision rise.

I hold out both my arms to you,
I reach you, clasp you tight,
And kiss you, love you tenderly,
Through the hours of the night!

So clear does memory bring you back,
I find that same sweet rest
I used to know in the long ago,
When you slumbered on my breast.

The silken threads of your soft brown hair
That I always loved so well
Are clinging 'round your bare white throat,
Twining me in their mystic spell.

The beating of your tender heart
I feel against my own,
And I drink the sweetness of your breath
In the darkness here,—alone.

I speak to you and call your name —
The name that is so dear —
And question you because, sweet one,
Your voice I long to hear.

But when you answer not, alas!
I wake from my dream in fright,
To find you gone and I—alone
In the darkness of the night!

I Wonder

When other hands in yours you press,
Will you forget, and love mine less?
Sometimes I wonder.

When other eyes look into thine,
Will you forget the light of mine?
Will other lips, with their warm kiss,
Make you forget our hours of bliss?
Ah, dear, I wonder.

When other hearts you seek to own,
Will you forget mine, sad and lone?
I wonder.

When other faithful vows you hear,
Will you forget mine once were dear?
Would you look back in after days
And regret our paths led different ways?
Ah, dear, I wonder!

Entreaty

I've watched the shadows gather there
Upon thy face, so sad, so fair.
From thy dear eyes I've traced the tears
Adown the lonely, weary years.
From thy dear lips I've heard the sigh;
But true love, sweetheart, cannot die.
In thy dear life have I no part,
To soothe the sorrow in your heart?

Of that sweet past, love, let me speak;
My aching heart lies at your feet.
I ask of thee, ask of thy soul,
"Canst thou forget those days of old?"
I loved thee then, but not as now;
Dear, let us bind that broken vow.
Come to my arms — thy love I need;
Give me your heart once more, I plead!

Drifting

My light, frail bark must drift now,
And land me where it may,—
Your love might send the oars, dear,
To bring me back, some day.

I thought my boat was anchored
Safe in the harbor there,
But the undercurrent was too strong,
So I drift — I know not where.

In passing out of your dear life,
From Love's warm fireside,
With heartache, unrest, and despair,
I'm drifting with the tide.

You gave my life its happiness —
You loved me once,—and yet,
Alone, I'm here with memories,
In my sad boat, Regret.

If other lips and other hearts,
Claim you, dear, for their own,
Drain well your cup of happiness,
And forget—I drift alone!

In time I'll know the lifeline
Will not be thrown by you;
May God forgive the pain you gave
The "old love"—for "the new!"

We may not meet again, until
The Light Eternal gleams;
Your eyes shall be my stars at night;
I'll see you in my dreams.

And in those dreams I'll speak again
Of the love we used to know,
When all the world was Heaven,
In that sweet long ago!

O, fleeting, fading, dreamland!
The farther on I go,
It's just to wake at last, and find
Fate's waves more troubled grow.

May this world's blessings follow you
Through life, where'er you are.
May you never know what it is to be
Forgotten — that's the scar!

The coast is full of wrecks, dear;
They've gone forevermore,
Because some heart was faithless,
They failed to reach the shore!

A Silver Crescent

A silver crescent
 in a western sky,
In the early twilight
 of a day gone by,
Shone down from that far
 mountain's height,
Like a ray of hope
 in its silent light;
Like a promise, to watch
 o'er its mountain home,
To light the way where
 love's memories roam;
To shed its radiance o'er
 glen and fall,
When the night-bird flies to its
 mate's fond call;
And to ne'er forsake its
 mountain streams,
But to shine forever on
 love's old dreams.

That Vanished Day

When pale-faced care walks by our side,
When regret and tears with us abide,
When sunny hope has ceased to stay,
We recall the dream of a vanished day.

A dear, dead day!

In happy times with friends we smile;
Joy seems to shine in our eyes the while —
Still we long for the “something”—that’s gone
away,

And we recall the dream of that vanished day.

That dear, dead day!

When “old love” leaps to flame again
From the ashes of “What might have been,”
With a cry from our yearning hearts we say
Return, sweet dream of that vanished day —

That dear, dead day!

Catalpa Land

The moon is creeping forest high
Again into the southern sky.
’Twas a night like this when first we met,
I was dreaming then — I’m dreaming yet.

Beneath this sweet Catalpa tree,
Where first you pledged your troth to me,
I hear the roaming fairies tell
Of a love, we both once knew, so well.

The “night’s light” sparkles on the bay,
Upon whose beach we used to stray.
And as we walked upon the sands,
I always held your soft, warm hands.

You heard the waves break on the shore;
I heard your voice — but nothing more.
At our love-kiss your heart beat wild,
You drooped in my arms, like a tired child.

You pillowed your head upon my breast,
And there, near my heart, you sank to rest.
We talked of our future days to be —
Of the “golden harvest” we hoped to see.

“Of life’s fulfilment in our home,
With little hands clasped in our own.”
Oh! the sweet radiance of your face,
As I held you close in my embrace!

You told me in earnest, “half in jest,”
Sweet Catalpa trees would guard our home nest.
I kissed your eyes, I kissed your hair;
God made us one—as we stood there!

Not long after that—just a little while,—
An Angel looked at you and smiled.
My smile was warm, with love’s hot breath;
The smile of the Angel was cold — was Death!

Why am I doomed, both night and day,
To wander where sweet Catalpas sway?
Tonight, crystal showers are on the bay
Reflecting your Heaven to light my way.

Oh, burning memories of my lost years!
Oh, burdened eyes, with unshed tears!
'Neath the Catalpa trees I plead alone —
“Send the Angel back to take me home!”

Float back to me on some soft cloud!
Float out from your white clinging shroud!
Float near; I'll know, when you wave your hand,
I'm not forgotten in this lost land!

My arms reach out and enfold you, dear;
My heart cries out through the silence here.
“In that spirit land you still are mine —
In this lonely world I'm forever thine!”

Some Day

When Spring awakes from wintry dreams,
And earth as fair as Heaven seems,
With that first touch of balmy air
There will be a thought of sadness there —
 Some day!

Then Summer, born of gentle Spring,
Sad thoughts of other days will bring,
And place them near your own heart's core;
Hot tears will fill your eyes once more —
 Some day!

In Autumn, when the leaves turn red,
And summer flowers are sere and dead,
From the empty nest, whence the bird has flown,
You'll wander desolate and alone —
 Some day!

When at last the Winter, cold and drear,
Reaches the milestone of another year,
The first white flakes of the falling snow
Will chill your heart, where'er you go —
Some day!

You'll know, in that hour of pain and strife,
That I took away the light of your life.
A voice from your soul, "Come back" will say,
But I, alas, will be far away —
That day!

Old Friend

The days have grown to months and years
Since you and I last met.
Life's lessons, all, I've learned, save one —
The lesson to forget!

The memory of our happy times
Pains like a long, sharp thorn
Within my heart, through all the day
In my dreams, from night till morn!

The little things that fed the flame
Of love between us two,
I put away, and believe with them
I left all thoughts of you.

I shunned in vain old memories,
Turned from them with a sigh,
Thinking to starve and kill them.
But it seems they will not die!

Tonight has wakened in my mind
Thoughts I cannot command.
Why they come now with doubled force
I don't quite understand.

A soft, sweet breath from unseen lips
Seems blowing off the dust
From my soul's harp, and gentle hands
Seem rubbing off the rust.

For from those dull, long silent wires,
I hear the old sweet strain,
And you, and love, and happiness
Are mine, mine, once again!

When wild flowers come in the early spring,
With a promise of summer near,
A yearning hope that we might meet then
Gives birth to a quivering tear.

On bright and warm midsummer nights,
Soft as the falling dew,
Fate's unkind voice seems whispering
Of you, old friend — of you.

With moonlight shadows lingering
Around me everywhere,
I send my whole heart out to you,
And this, my good-night prayer.

“Good-night, good-night, my old friend;
Thy face I cannot see,
But let the night winds tell thee
Thou art all to me.

“Peaceful be thy slumbers
Throughout the long, long night.
May some gentle spirit watch thee —
Keep thee safe till morning's light.”

In the autumn days I miss you most,
When the lavender thistles nod,
When the leaves are red and brown, and the
earth
Is yellow — with goldenrod.

'Twas in that dreaming autumn time,
With hands tight clasped, that day
We looked long in each other's eyes —
Then silent, turned away.

When winter snows are on the roof,
I sit by the fire's bright flame
And take from memory's alphabet
The letters of your name.

All your kind words are in my heart,
Forever there to dwell.
They cling just like the soft, low sound
Of the murmuring sea in the shell.

I know not why I've drawn apart
Transparent curtains of that past.
I have given Fate her arrows back
With poisoned ends, at last!

I've fastened the leaves of memory
Again in the book of my heart,
And haven't even the power to tear
A single one apart!

It's only a retrospection,
The indulgence of an hour;
With Memory as the honored guest —
The thorn within the flower!

I think, perhaps, some day we'll meet —
Alas! Hope lives again!
Until that time, if ever —
A long good-by, old friend!

Farewell

Farewell to you! No other day
Can bring you to my side again.
Dear, I will miss your smile and kiss
Till restful Death claims me — no matter
when.
Too fond I loved you; too much I hoped from you;
I never dreamed another could be thine!
You will be blest with happiness,
But sad memory is all that's mine!

Only one place I wish to rest,
Alone from the world, apart.
Only one place that my soul craves —
That one place is in your heart!
But since that cannot be you will forget me,
Though oft you've said no other could be thine!
You will be blest with happiness,
But sad memory is all that's mine!

Love's Passion

When you raise your questioning eyes to mine,
You warm my blood like the sparkling wine;
The touch of your hand has the power to thrill,
And rouse a love which I cannot still!

The slightest command of your whispered word
Finds response in my feelings so strangely stirred.
The soothing magic of your control
Strikes the vibrating chords of my very soul!

My trembling pulses bound and start
When you draw me tenderly, close to your heart.
And I feel a painful, exquisite bliss,
As I lose myself in the warmth of your kiss!

Violets

Drooping, fading on their stem,
Cherished by you no more,
After the evening was over, I asked
For the violets which you wore.

Smiling, you pinned them on my coat,
After the dance that night.
I remember they had nestled close
In the folds of your gown of white.

You did not know in my simple request,
Just what my meaning might be.
You did not think — perhaps did not care
To look in my eyes and see.

Somehow, in telling you good-night,
When I kissed and clasped your hand,
You looked straight into my heart — and yet
Didn't seem to understand!

How the glints of gold shone in your hair,
And dark blue were your eyes;
I looked beyond their azure depths
And saw where Heaven lies!

I saw where Heaven lies — that's all!
Your violets withered on my breast.
Fate's anxious word I sought, and heard,
While you — you know the rest!

I've wandered o'er the great highways
Through life's enchanting bowers;
Through the valleys, on the hilltops
I've gathered many flowers.

In spring, fair lilies, like your face;
Gold ones in autumn, like your hair;
In summer, roses, like your cheeks;
Forget-me-nots, your eyes, bloom everywhere!

You have forgotten me — and yet,
Here's something like a tear;
It's in my heart, for, dry and dead,
Are your violets, lying here!

Wintry Winds

The snow's adrift; the wintry wind,
Like sharpened, pointed steel,
Cuts deep, it wails and moans tonight
Like a broken heart concealed!

It sobs aloud; a moment more,
And then it passes by;
But in the after silence comes
The echo of its sigh!

Frozen rain-drops, flying wild,
Are crusting o'er the snow,
Struggling with the wintry gale,
Forming whirlwinds as they blow.

Restless, trembling, all disturbed,
Its wailings louder grow,
Like a lost and wounded forest king,
Not knowing where to go.

O wintry winds! Why do you moan?
O winds! Why do you sigh?
Your cold, sharp breath and ice-bound tears
Will melt when spring is nigh.

In your unrest there is a pause;
But sorrow in the heart
Is like a deep, unhealing wound,
Whose pain must cling and smart,

Not for a day — not for a month —
Not even numbered years.
Too oft there is, on death's pale face
The traces of life's tears!

Indian Summer

The birds are flying south again,
Skies change from blue to gray,
While veil-like clouds float through the haze
Of this Indian summer day.

A day whose dawn is golden bright,
As its sunbeams from afar
Linger—till twilight shadows
Are kissed by the evening star.

Wild flowers fading, down the lane,
Mourning their blossoms lost,
Bidding good-by to the gold-brown fields,—
Waiting the coming frost.

The wooded streams drift idly on,
Unchanged by the autumn day —
Catching the tears of the weeping skies
And bearing them far away.

The trees seem lonely, weird, and sad;
Wind-blown, they bend and sigh,
As if trying to kiss the withered leaves
Of a Summer—just gone by.

Their limbs reach out like yearning arms
To hold them, ere they go
To be scattered away by the winter winds,
Or buried beneath the snow.

The last warm breath of autumn
Seems to whisper, passing by,
“The throbbing heart of Nature rests
And sleeps, but does not die!”

When twilight fades to shadows of night,
May love and hope light the way
To the “land of flowers and sunshine” beyond
Life’s Indian summer day!

Toast

Here's to you! Here's to me!

With hopes of happier days to be.

Here's to the Present! Here's to the Past!

With hopes our fondest dreams may last.

Here's to Peace, Contentment, and Rest!

And here's to the one we each love best.

In After Years

Dear heart, another day is done,
Night's darkness coming on;
Impatient I wait through the gloom
To see the light of dawn.

As I look out through twilight mists,
Some unforgotten hour
With you comes creeping back, while I
Stand helpless in its power!

Oh! if the tear-drenched years gone by
Could turn this way tonight,
Would you come back, and with your eyes
Show me the old love light?

O absent heart! If you would seek
Our lost and treasured days,
Old memories would awake and weep
At our divided ways!

When we two bid that last farewell,
The first shock did not cause decay;
'Twas like a tree the storm had felled —
Its leaves must wither day by day!

Like flowers sown in cold, damp shade,
Too soon their bloom is spent;
They fade and die, just like fond hopes,
For want of Love's sweet nourishment.

I gaze out through the shadowed sky;
The night winds sigh and moan;
It seems your heart must answer mine
As I stand here, alone!

Dear one! In your far absence, hear
My soul's never silent cry,
For its yearnings to be satisfied
As the empty years go by!

Time lingers not. Oh, listen, dear!
E'en though we're far apart,
Unwithered leaves of memory lie
On the sore places of my heart!

Love's warmth must melt the silence, or
Sad years must onward roll,
Until your love has fed again
The hunger of my soul.

My heart lies wounded in your path.
My own! Some love sign make,
That I may know it's safe with you,
For there it will not break!

Come to my waiting, yearning arms!
And there be lulled to rest,
And dream there was no parting day
As you slumber on my breast!

Waiting! Mysterious word that stands alone,
At Hope's uncertain door!
Waiting, for an absent voice to say,
"I love you," as in days of yore!

Oh, blame me not too bitterly —
I'm hungry, dear, and weak.
I threw aside love's banquet once;
'Tis now the crumbs I seek!

The Meeting

Alone, far out upon Life's sea
An endless storm had drifted me,
Where mists of darkness closed around,
Where troubled waters bore me down,
Tossed by the restless waves of pain,
Struggling to reach some shore in vain.

When day had gone, I gazed afar,
And prayed for the light of just one star;
At dawn the shadows linger'd still —
My hopes and prayers were unfulfilled;
My heart bowed down in lone despair,
Sadness and sorrow seemed everywhere!

Through trembling tears I could not see
The warm, kind hand Fate held to me.
I drifted on, when one dark day,
As its last hours dragged away,
A calm stole o'er the gale of sighs,
As I watched a light from the sea arise.

Quivering, as if from fretful mood,
Its rays had crossed my solitude.
Yearning to hold and call them mine,
I reached my arms to that light divine.
Warmer, brighter, nearer it came;
Its warmth was the breath of Love's own flame!

Love is a debt the heart must pay.
With firm set lips, I turned away;
Too late—a light in the clouds was shining
 through —
'Twas the golden sunset—and there, I saw you!
Far out upon that stormy sea,
You threw the lifeline safe to me.

There, as we watched the billows rise,
We drifted towards our paradise.
We drifted on—close side by side,
And in that golden eventide
We vowed to each love's tender care;
We found our hearts were anchored there!

The Proposal

A flower nestled in her hair,
Above a forehead smooth and fair.

Two warm eyes of azure blue,
With a touch of violet wandering through.

Lips — if I should linger there,
I'd not get on far anywhere.

Her little hand just fits in mine —
I tried it once upon a time.

And then, it stole something away,
As I recall, on a summer day.

It was my heart; I felt it go!
I sought her side and told her so.

She blushed and hung her pretty head;
“You're the guilty one,” I said.

And blushing more, she did confess,
"I found it — it is yours, I guess."

"What will you do with it, my dear?"
"I'll keep it for a souvenir."

Just when I thought, "Alas! Alack!"
She whispered, "I'll not give it back."

She smiled, and looked into my eyes,
And there I saw love's paradise!

When the autumn came, the minister said
A few words to us — then we were wed!

He said, "Love, honor, and *obey*."
She claims she didn't hear it "that way."

Well, anyhow, she's mine for life,
Bless her heart — she is now my wife!

The Dismissal

My heart must bleed for a little while;
I am hurt, but not yet slain.
Even this wound will heal in time,
And only a scar remain.

Out of my love, out of my life,
You must now drift silently on,
Leaving me here in the shadows;
Bye and bye I will see the dawn!

In separate ways — this is my choice,
And it is best 'tis so.
Alas! that you did not obey me
When first I bade you go!

I have promised myself to forget you.
No, you cannot be my friend —
Our love and its many memories
Must die, for this is the end!

The chapters we've read, the subject we know,
The Volume we'll close and seal;
So forget, as you'll be forgotten in time
By yours,
 only me —
 Lucille!

Worry

Worry takes the pendulum off
Your clock of life's dear hours.
While time runs wild, just leaving you
Among the fading flowers!
So cast it all aside, I say,
And promise not to fret;
Oh, do not take it up today —
Tomorrow may forget!

Your Valentine

You tell me dear, that you are mine:
Then let me be your Valentine!
I'll send you smiles and kisses true,
And all my love I'll give to you.
I'll bring you sunshine that will stay,
And make you happy every day.
I'll be to you a brilliant star,
To light your way where'er you are;
To guide you, dear, o'er life's rough sea,
And bring you safely back to me!
Your future days I'll fill with joy,
Pure love, like gold without alloy.
I'll pledge you this, my faithful vow —
I'll love you, sweetheart, then as now.
So be no other's, dear, but mine;
And I'm, forever, your Valentine!

Thanksgiving

If turkeys knew tomorrow was
The great Thanksgiving Day,
I'm sure they'd play a joke on us,
And fly or run away.

I send my thanks to God above,
Who gives us daily bread,
I'm glad I'm not a turkey,
But a little boy instead.

Comrades Now

The South and North went marching on
Beneath their flags with pride;
Ere day was done, one battle won —
Gray and Blue lay side by side.

The Bars to them were bandages
To bind each wounded head;
The Stars were hopes of Heaven,
While Life's good-bys were said.

We place a wreath of flowers white
Interwoven with flowers of red,
Whose color left a holy stain
On the field where your hearts bled.

Love weaves its garland of blossoms
From memory's every day;
Our hearts, our hopes, our tears, our prayers,
Are yours, from life's bouquet.

Dear heroes, rest, while yet we mourn
Our country's great, sad loss.
The survivors of the sixties
Were left to bear the cross.

Their one great cause was freedom.
Oh, scarred, yet waving, rag,
Your colors show that brave heart's blood
Is woven in our flag.

Love

We do not miss the sunshine, dear,
When love, sweet love, is ours.
The weeds will do — when we have love,
We do not need the flowers!

Glendale

Across the miles, across the plains,
In the heart of the Rockie's grand old range,
In a shaded spot where thick pine trees
Swayed to and fro in the mountain breeze,
Was a tiny cottage, painted green,
Close down by the side of a sparkling stream.

There rushing waters from snow-capped tops
Wound their cool arms 'round the heated rocks,
Where the bubbles rise and fall and break,
And laugh themselves at the noise they make.
It was kissed by the early morning sun,
And kissed good-night when the day was done!

Closed in by broad, high mountain walls,
No sounds save the echo of waterfalls
On its quiet atmosphere intrude
To disturb its peaceful solitude,
That lay on the soul like a soft caress,
And soothed the sharp pain of unhappiness.

Within nature's walls, from the world apart,
'Twas a resting place for a weary heart.
Away from the sting of the world's cold strife,
Away from the sorrows that sap our life,
Away from care's tempestuous gale,
Was that mountain home we called—Glendale.

Long, narrow, winding pathways led
Between the rocks in their deep sandy bed,
To the larger rocks beside the clear stream,
'Twas a place to linger, to think, to dream!
Where nature's sweet music filled the air,
And "love whispers"—floated everywhere.

Though daylight made this scene so fair,
With sunshine here and shadows there,
Twilight came, its stars shining through,
Creeping silently on, with its tears of dew!
When night's silver crescent would arise,
Moonlight transformed it to paradise.

The clouds and peaks seemed to meet and kiss
In a vision world apart from this!
They linger'd there for a moment's rest,
To caress the snow on the mountain's crest.
Ah! In that light strange phantoms played,
And dared Love on, where the moonbeams
 strayed.

Love gazed at the crescent one heaven-starred
 night;
It told Love story 'neath its wondrous light.
Great rocks leaned out, from far and near,
To catch Love's answer in their listening ear!
The whispering pines are dreaming yet,
And Love's sweet promise they'll ne'er forget!

The years have come and the years have gone,
Aching hearts still follow, where Fate leads on.
The Rockies have gold hidden in their breast,
Yet they're wild, because of love's unrest.
Many suns have dawned on those crags so high,
Many strangers have passed them carelessly by.

O Glendale! The birds 'neath your eaves still
sing,
Not knowing that Love once did the same thing.
Cold snows have covered your roof at night,
With no fire inside on a hearthstone bright.
Since parting, this trackless sphere has many
times run
Its annual course around the sun!

O Time! you teach some hearts to forget,
While others you leave to their own regret.
You have no power to break the dream spell,
For Love and its memories stay—where they
fell.
So, whether life's day be short or long,
I will hear the music of Love's mountain song!

O! Song of the Peaks, with their mystic domes —
Illusive land, where your fancy roams!
O! Song of the Snow, as it drifts near the skies!
O! Song of the Wind, where the wildwood sighs!
Mountain flowers still bloom in the enchanted
vale
Where your songs echo on forever — Glendale!

And Ne'er Forget Will I

When I see the moon a-shinin' down
On trees, an' flowers, an' things,
I listen to hear the stray night bird
As it twitters, an' chirps, an' sings.

I think of other moon-kissed skies
O'er mountain, an' lake, an' dell,
Where the light lay dreamin' upon the rocks,
Jes' a sleepin'—where it fell.

I see again "them shady lanes,"
An' bridges, an' laffin' brooks,
An' white-capped waves, an' waterfalls,
An' vine-clad trystin' nooks.

An' in them driftin' clouds—I see
Silver linin' shinin' through,
When you an' me—once, long ago—
Well—now I'm driftin' too!

On an' on, through years of time,
 Pausin', jes' long enough on the way,
To gather the flowers of memory
 As they blossom anew each day.

I see a sunrise burstin' through,
 An' scatterin' the clouds away,
When the night an' its moon had faded,
 In the dawn of our "Partin' Day!"

Since then—I've never 'mounted to much
 With my burden of heartache an' love,
Fer wherever I go it's always you—
 These things remind me of!

So it's you—I'm always thinkin' about,—
 But I reckon I'd better quit,
Or the Judgment Day 'll find me—
 A-sittin' an' a-thinkin' yit!

Here in the starlight—all alone,
 Here, where the moonbeams fall,
In silence I'm makin' my vow again
 "Forever, it's you"—that's all!

You!—An' when life's evenin' sun
Goes down to its final rest,
When everlastin' twilight comes
With the Great Shadow at God's request,

I'll be waitin' there,—fer I only want
The Great Judge to find me true.
He's got my prayer, an' it's jes' to—"give me
A seat somewhere near you!"

Fer in that far-off world up there,
Beyond them moonlit skies,
Is the promised Heaven—an' there—there
ain't
Goin' to be no more Good-bys!

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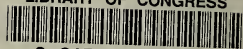
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